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ÆGLE  
AND THE  
ELF







# ÆGLE AND THE ELF.

A FANTASY.

BY

M. B. M. TOLAND,

AUTHOR OF "SIR RAE," "IRIS," "ONTI ORA," "THE INCA PRINCESS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH PHOTOGRAVURES OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

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1887.



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*Modelled by Theodor Baur.*

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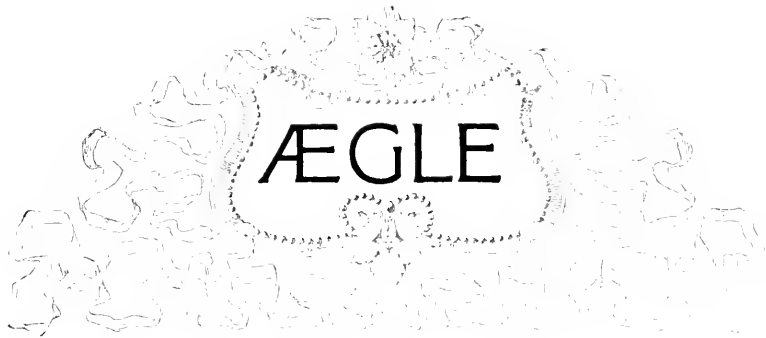
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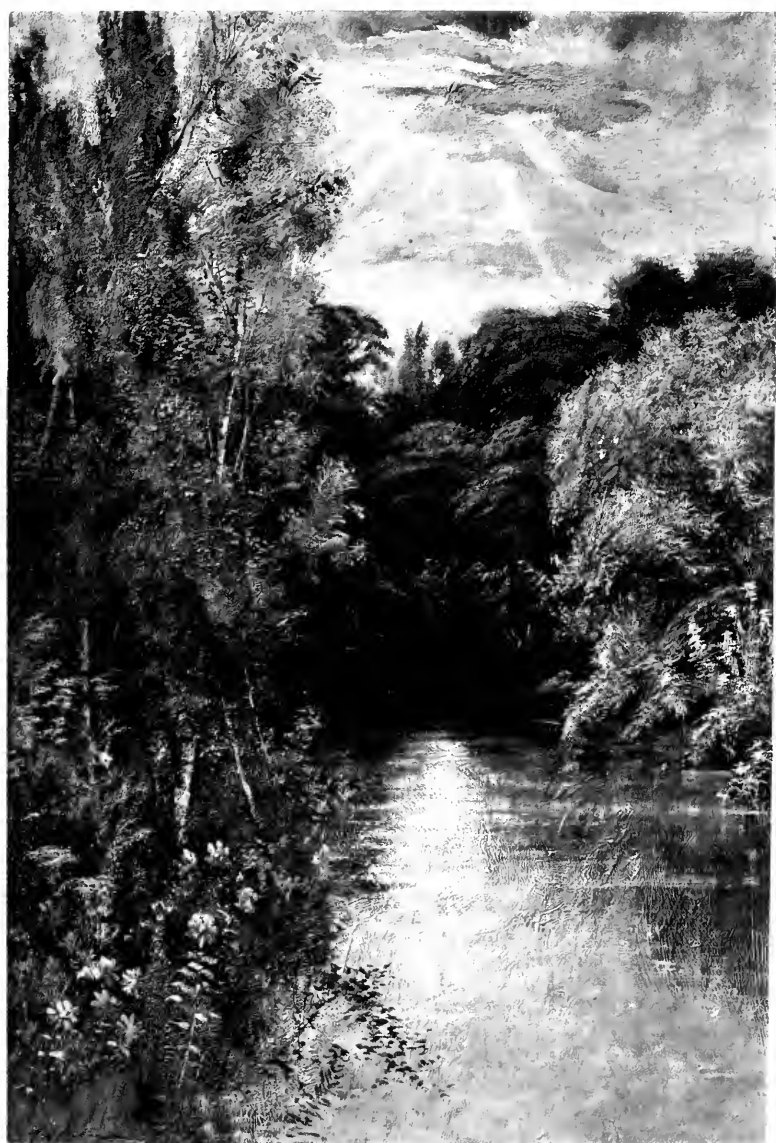
*Drawn by René T. Quelin.*





THE moonbeams were lighting the watery way,  
That rimples  
And dimpled,—  
The Nymphs were at play ;









'Neath willows whose branches were kissing the stream  
So lightly  
And brightly,  
It almost would seem

The lovely young Naiads were swaying the tree,  
To lash it  
And dash it,  
In frolicking glee.







I rested my oars on my frail little boat,  
Still gliding,  
Dividing  
The cresses afloat.

When lo! a fair vision arose on the tide;  
A maiden  
All laden  
With lilies to hide









Her love-dimpled blushes from glances too bold;  
    A daughter  
    Of water,  
Like Venus of old.

She stood for one moment admiring herself;  
    Uprising,  
    Surprising  
A young woodland Elf,







Who left his own forest in mirth-loving glee,  
To ramble  
And gambol  
In wild ecstasy.


On a tree-top he sat, with a quizzical face,  
Ne'er tiring  
Admiring  
The beauty and grace












Of Ægle, who saw, mirrored close by her side,  
The young Elf  
By herself  
Impressed on the tide.

She instantly sank amid ripples of light,  
That, laving,  
Seemed waving  
Her form from his sight.









---

Three lovely young Naiads arose on the tide,  
While swimming  
Were trimming  
And drawing aside

A budding branch, cedar, that shaded so well,  
Reposing,  
And closing  
The Nymph's caverned cell.









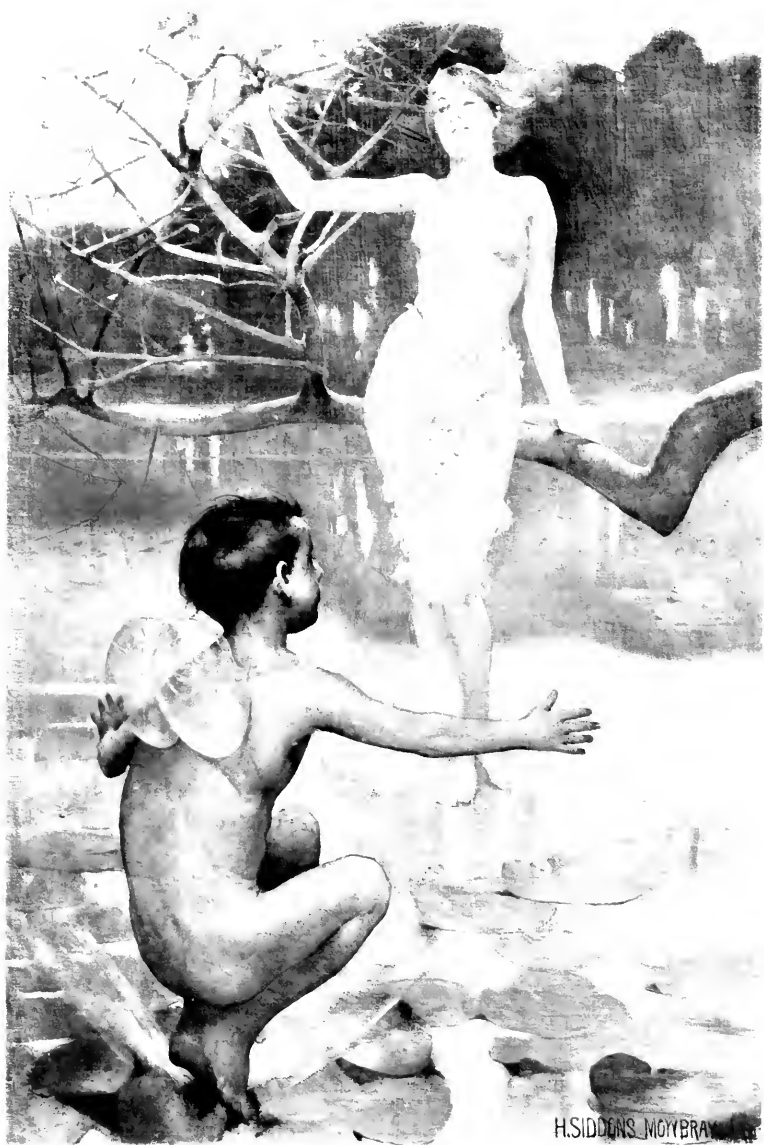


So charming she looked in her fairy-queen pride,  
And kindly,  
He blindly  
Plunged into the tide.


The water was instantly lashed into spray ;  
Half drowning,  
And frowning,  
The Elf got away.












The Naiads had vanished like flashes of light ;  
No daughter  
Of water  
Condoled his sad plight.

But ripples of laughter were heard everywhere,  
With singing  
And ringing  
Of fairy-bells there.













The echoes trilled back from the grottos down deep,  
    “ Young Elfin,  
    Thyself in  
Thy element keep !”

Then home to his wild-wood returned the young Elf  
    Most gladly,  
    Though madly,  
While drying himself.

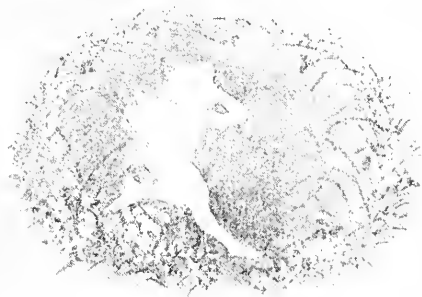




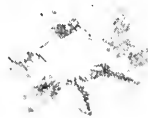


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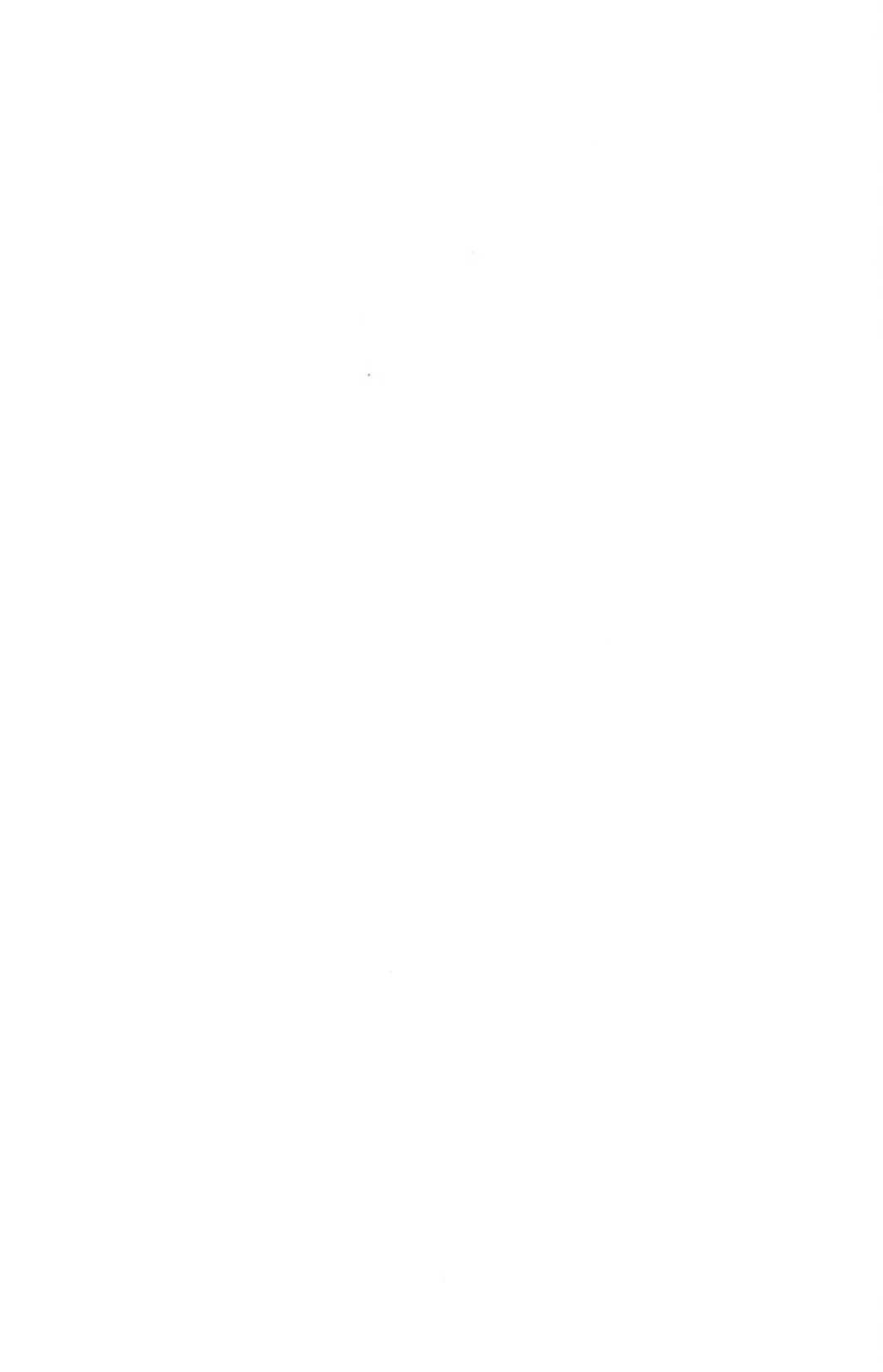


He plumed his gay cap on his queer little head,  
All dripping  
And skipping  
He o'er the bank sped.











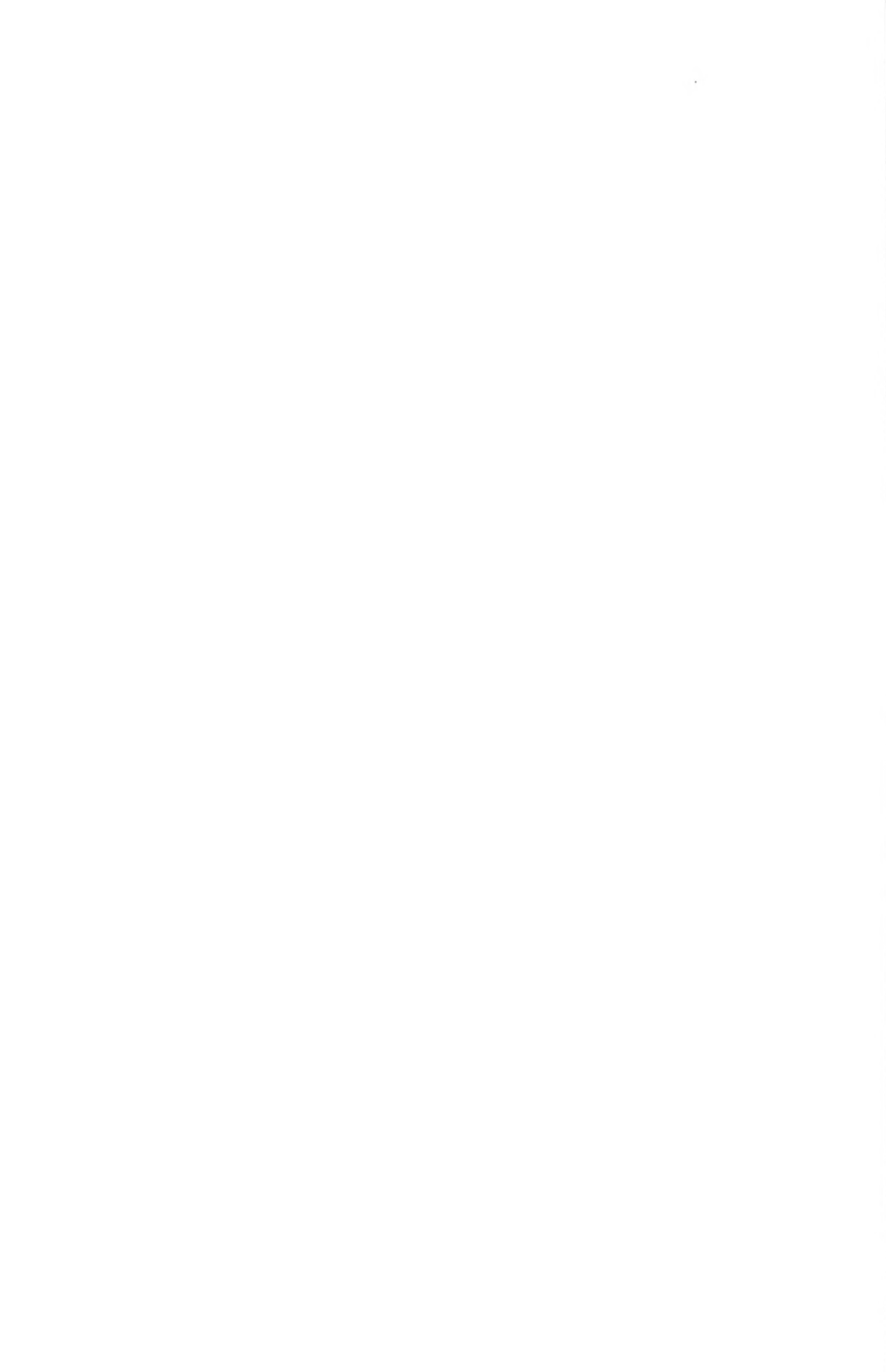
I suddenly woke from my nap by the stream,  
Astounded!  
Confounded!  
Behold! 'Twas a dream.



























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